

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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## NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

**The Relation of the Star Actor to the Manager—The Noble Army of Women Looking for Managers—What they Promise and What they Perform, Two Different Things—A Notable Case in Point—The Experience of Manager Hill with Tragedienne Mather—Some Food for Reflection—A Critical Estimate of Herr Barnay—The German Actor's Versatility.**

The possession of ability is one thing. The recognition of it is another. Here are two facts which explain the usual relation of the star actor to the manager. A player may be a genius, and not only may nobody know it, but there may be doubts that anybody ever will know it.

A player may be without genius or talent. The work then of making the public recognize what does not exist becomes herculean.

At that point the manager and not the actor is the genius.

It is of these gifted personages that I desire to say something.

At this moment there are at least five hundred women in this city looking for managers. They range all the way from infant prodigies to mature sirens with gray curls.

Without a manager every one of these out-reaching geniuses is obsequious, helpless, obedient, servile. To hear her talk you would not think butter would melt in her mouth. "If I can only find a manager," she says, "who will advance the money and make a five years' contract with me—I will be the most tractable, the most slavish, the most grateful of women. I'm not like the rest of them. Gratitude is my great point. I would rather die at any time than prove disloyal or break my word. But what can a poor woman of ability do without a manager?"

And echo always answers promptly: "There is one thing she can do. She can avoid breaking a contract."

"I am sure," they all say, "that if a man like Mr. Hill were to take hold of me for five years he would make a fortune."

Their anxiety to have men like Mr. Hill make fortunes is one of the phenomenal points of their unselfish characters.

There is one consideration which prevents all managers from making five-year contracts with all geniuses.

It is this: The manager has no sort of guaranty that genius, when recognition is secured for it, will have the slightest consideration for the other genius that invested capital, took all the risks and burdens, and in most cases manufactured by indomitable work the whole article of success out of nothing.

The dramatic pathway is strewn with the wrecks of managers who trusted not wisely but too well—the obedient, docile, ambitious and amenable talents that came to them—only to find, before they got through, that the docile things having once secured public attention, unload their manager with an indifference that cannot be fathomed.

Mr. J. M. Hill remains in the minds of all these female geniuses the archetype of what a manager should be.

"If he would only do with me what he did with Miss Mather," is the outspoken wish that I have heard on all hands from pubescent inability up to decayed incompetence.

I suppose the brilliant managerial feat of making Miss Mather the idol of New England, has flooded Mr. Hill's desk with more mail, and blocked up his office with more women—who come from every school district from the Red River of the North, to the bayous of the Southwest, than ever distracted a manager before.

I happened to be present when Mr. J. M. Hill first saw Miss Mather and proposed to make a long contract with her. He had a very clear idea of her capacity, her limitations, her want of education, and her redundant vigor, and I remember that he remarked:

"No manager can make character for an actress. The best he can do is to manufacture a reputation. But he has to assume a commercial risk, for when he has manufactured it, he has no claim upon it."

I don't know how much money Mr. Hill, as a manager, invested and spent in creating the present reputation of Miss Mather; but I know it was considerable, and for one whole year it was a steady outlay of preparation, based on a faith in the woman that she would allow him to recoup himself after he had equipped her.

And such must be the commercial view and purpose of any manager.

It is all open to this risk, that no manager can get any sort of guaranty that when he has lifted the actress by sheer force into a conspicuous position that means success, she will not turn round and tell him it was her genius and not his work that did it.

This is made all the more likely to occur, from the fact that the manager has to praise her genius and make the public believe in it, and the first one to be convinced by his methods is the woman herself.

The present disagreement of Mr. J. M. Hill and Miss Mather has this old and familiar basis. Mr. Hill for a year or two has been reaping his reward for his money risked and spent. Miss Mather having in the meanwhile acquired a husband, that new factor who has had none of the risks or toil or labor of preparation, objects to Mr. Hill's emolument, and uses his wife as the objector.

I suppose it would be impossible at this

plished it is almost impossible to verify the work or establish the claim.

A few managers, agents, and journalists may know how persistently Mr. Hill's work was carried out; how successful it was, and how absolutely worthless in a commercial sense. Mather was without it. But the public will always believe that Mather is the genius or the artist that Mr. Hill's tactics taught them to believe she is; and they will, therefore, conclude that her success is the legitimate result of her ability.

From Jenny Lind to Christine Nilsson the manager has been the big factor in what are called American successes. I believe Max Strakosch spent about fifteen thousand dollars in advertising Nilsson before she came to this country, and when she came the American public fell at her feet. Nothing of the kind was done for Titiens or Fursch-Madi, both of whom were superior artists, and the public re-

more, travel farther, eat less and sleep less than any class of men I know. They swear by their star in and out of season. They climb newspaper stairs at all hours. They invent, discover, subsidize, browbeat, cajole. They never stop at expense. They give every thought and faculty, night and day, to the publication of their star's merits. They lie, suffer, and pocket insults.

But there always comes a time when the star quietly avails him or herself of the results and gets another agent or manager, and then the worker that is left sees the player and the new agent reaping the benefits of his drudgery.

I am not going to suggest any remedy. I don't know that there is any. But I put it before the five hundred geniuses who want managers that it is their duty to find some way of guaranteeing a manager—if they expect him to invest money on their empty word of loyalty

not, or she would have a stricter commercial sense.

I did not intend to say all this when I began writing this article. I had it in my mind to write about the German actor Herr Barnay, who is playing this week at the Academy of Music. But you see how one gets led away.

Barnay is really one of the finest artists the German school has given us. I was very much pleased and interested by his performance of Othello, in which, although he follows the Schlegel idea, and makes Othello, instead of a baptized Saracen, a full-blooded negro in whom is the wild nature of that zone which generates the most ravenous beasts of prey—nevertheless marks all the tumult of elemental passion with such reasonableness of nature that we forget the quality of the beast in the *finest* of the artist.

It was interesting to me to observe the Saxon, I had almost said the Gothic, character of this Moor as contrasted with the Latin intensity of Salvini's. Barnay did things which Salvini would not dare to do. For example, he struck Desdemona squarely across the face a vicious blow with a roll of paper or parchment. He caught her face in his hands once or twice when his soul was torn by contending doubts and suspicions, and tried to talk with fierce inquiry into her soul. It was a tremendous picture of devouring incertitude. A flame of wrath touched with tenderness as he looked into her eyes. In the farewell speech he began taking off his official robe, and as he pronounced the words, "Othello's occupation's gone," he threw it from him. In the violent scene with Iago, he caught the sinner by the throat, bent him backwards over the table, and then throwing him to the floor, drew his weapon to kill him. But this scene awakened no enthusiasm. It lacked the murderous, up-flashing earnestness that Salvini gave it. Elsewhere in his portrayal of his misery, and not his animal instincts, his German audience applauded him tremendously.

I saw him play Lear on Monday night. The pathos of it was marvellously fine. I don't know that I ever saw the petulance of dotage so gracefully portrayed or the progress of insanity so nicely marked in "business."

Herr Barnay is a veritable actor, as indeed all successful German actors must be. On Wednesday he played Marc Antony, William Tell, and Richard III. at one performance. He is a man of commanding presence, with a voice that reminds me again of the truth of Madame de Stael's remark, that an actor's genius betrays itself first of all in his tones, never in his articulations. He loses himself in the part he assumes, which fact takes us back to an era of acting prior to Mr. Irving's, when it was not held to be a sign of ability to enswathe every part in one's own personal peculiarities.

Perhaps no severer task and test can be given an actor than to make Lear continuously interesting to a modern audience. Masterpiece as the drama is, it plays heavily to the senses of to-day. It is not nearly as concrete as Othello, and its psychologic insight is not easily apprehended by a mixed assemblage of pleasure seekers. If Mr. Irving were to attempt this play he would "revive" it. He would at once proceed to reduce it to an objective panorama, in which the havoc of the elements would catch the senses of everybody, and we should then hear a great deal about the noble contribution Mr. Irving had made to histrionism.

Herr Barnay played Lear with a poverty-stricken *entraine*. The storm scene was weakly absurd by any measurement of modern stage facilities, but he held a vast audience intensely interested to the end, and they forgot to criticize his thunder or his lime lights in the storm of his passion, and the light of his imagination.

I don't think any greater praise can be given him than this.

NYM CRINKLE.

Osmond Tearle is going to make a strong bid for popularity as a star in England, and is now preparing the way with a class of advertising matter that will surprise the natives. He has gotten out a very handsome brochure of thirty pages, containing a portrait of himself and press notices, and of these he has had about eight thousand printed. As for photographs, which are used very sparingly for advertising purposes in England, he intends taking over with him an inexhaustible supply of all sizes, and has already had many taken by Sarony, which are the largest ever taken direct from the camera. Mr. Tearle was recently obliged to say "No" to the following tempting cablegram: "Can you accept leading position, Drury Lane, April? BLACKMORE."



LOUISE THORNDYKE.

date to make Miss Mather understand or acknowledge what Mr. Hill has done for her.

As an independent onlooker, I may perhaps be permitted to say that he labored very hard and spent a great deal of money to make an artist of her, and to keep people from finding out how absolutely ignorant she was not only of art, but of the ordinary knowledge which comes of a common-school education. Her natural dramatic instincts were large and obvious, but she was rugged, coarse, and wholly undisciplined. He gave her tutors, furnished her with books, shut her up to a studious life for over a year, sought to stimulate her ambition, created public curiosity, and allayed it with discreet information that flattered the woman and tickled the public.

That all this was looked for, was depended upon, had commercial value, and was subject to contract no one will dispute. But once accom-

plished them with indifference. Albani, not being "handled," was a failure, and she proved an infinitely better singer than Nilsson.

Max Strakosch to-day is among the operatic wrecks along with the managers who poured their money out to make Theodore Thomas. You will see some of them flitting about Fourteenth Street on their uppers. If you ask who that phantom is, they will tell you he managed Theodore Thomas or gave opera.

I heard a manager say once that the only way to make a woman keep her contract was to marry her. I believe he tried it and failed.

It was an argument that proved too much, for the woman married every manager afterward who made a contract with her.

Nothing has so roused my wonder and admiration at times as the work that men like Sargent, McCloy and Will Hayden do for their stars. They are the most tireless workers known to any form of business. They think

Some female genius ought to be able to tell me how a manager is going to make her act if she chooses to fall sick.

She ought to inform me how he will prevent her from getting married.

It's all very well for the innocent to say as she invariably does: "Oh, I'm wedded to my art." The manager knows that there is very little wed that way.

The case of young Hofmann is a good illustration of the precarious nature of professional contracts.

There are only two reasons why a manager should devote himself to securing the future of a woman:

He must see money in it, or he must have a personal interest in the woman.

Search as long as you may you will not find another reason.

As a rule his object is a commercial one. Unfortunately, as a rule, the woman's is















with holes, too. Your maid, or yourself if you haven't one—and we all know silk stockings on the stage do not imply a maid off the stage—can wash them without their undergoing this awful change. Wigs can be brightened up by a brisk brushing and a little vaseline at very short notice. I believe I have said all I can, and much of it I can include in one big rule: Wear your clothes carefully and mend them promptly.

I have discovered a new way to play old velvet. Lay it face down on the fancy top (open-work metal it usually is) of a steam-heater; pass a warm iron, or even a cold one, over the velvet, and between the heat from beneath and the pressure from above, behold! your velvet is beautifully stamped, and creases and wrinkles and spots never show at all. I thought of getting out a patent on this, but—there never was a Polly who didn't have to give a thing away as soon as the thought of it. You can buy cheap velvet, you see, and give it an "all-over" pattern, or, if the lower part of your sleeve is worn, stamp that and leave the rest plain, and wear the dress with a costume from Worth expression on your face, and you will make a hit with the women.

Some newly imported tea gowns I have seen have the sleeves slit from shoulder to waist on the elbow side, and the two edges finished with a ruffle of lace—a great idea for the sleeve that has become too tight. Or would not a sleeve so slit and finished to, or just below the elbow, be pretty? The upper arm is almost always the more shapely—a sleeve that was all slits to just above the elbow—and then plain and close to waist would betray only the better part of the arm, and, if the slits laid loosely full ribbon like pieces, the sleeve would be odd and pretty beside.

Another pretty and becoming sleeve, where the arm is shapely but the skin unfortunate, is made of fine crepe—a strip about three fingers wide runs from under the arm to the lower side of the wrist, or as long as you wish the sleeve to be—run very full on an elastic to the two edges of this piece is the rest of the sleeve. A piece of crepe fitting the arm in width, but much longer than the under strip, and so making a sleeve that lies over the arm in Bernhardt wrinkles. These wrinkles can be especially pronounced wherever the arm requires fullness, and they are more durable than tight sleeves of thin stuff.

I had a glimpse at a wonderful "fake" the other day. "I keep it," said the pretty actress who showed it to me, "to remind me of the time when I had more trouble getting dresses than I have now. I was supposed to step from the ball room to give my lover a rendezvous in the garden. I spent nearly all the money I had on white velvet for a long cloak and on a pair of tremendously swell slippers. My whole get-up cost about \$10. I wore a little cashmere skirt that had some queer lace in the front of it; the train—supposed to come from the dress under the cloak. You see, I sewed right into the slit at the back of the cloak. I couldn't afford to have the slit open very far up though, and by lining the flimsy silk of the train with cotton flannel the stuff hung quite heavy and soft. White cotton flannel lined my cloak; and, as you see, white tissue paper cut into crimped fringe gave it a royal "feather trimming," though it would rustle a little. For the first night I kept my cloak pretty tightly about me; afterward I made this low-necked waist—an bleached muslin—but with the lace, you know, around the neck, and a bunch of beautiful tissue-paper jackroses, I used to look very well even when the calcium rose and I was in the moonlight. I have had many real dresses since, and been less proud of them, too," she added.

I played Henrietta one season with Miss Claxton in *The Two Orphans*. When I came to put on the first act costume, with which we are all more or less familiar, I found the long black mitts were made from fine black cotton stockings, feet cut off and a stitch put to make a place for the thumb. Miss Claxton wore the same in her costume as Louise. They not only looked all right "from the front," but from close by, too. If ever mitts for evening dress become again admissible you can set yourself up in very swell ones from old silk stockings. Unless from force of habit they kick, no one will know the difference.

POLLY.

### Gossip of the Town.

Bliss Whittaker, an old-time manager, died in Chicago on Monday last, of pneumonia.

Esther Lyon, formerly of Kate Claxton's company, has been engaged by Nat Goodwin.

James Finney, of the Casino company, mourns the loss of his two-year-old boy, who died last week after a short illness.

Sadie Kirby, of the Casino company, has been seriously ill for several weeks past, but is now reported convalescent.

Edward Harrigan confesses that he has almost finished a new four-act character drama of New York life, which will probably be produced after his new Irish play.

One of the results of last week's blizzard, only lately reported, was the blowing down of the building at Br. deport, Ct., used for the storage of the cars and chariots of Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

No less than a dozen dramatizations of A. C. Gunter's novel, "Mr. Barnes, of New York," have been made in London, and one, by Rutland Barrington, is to be produced at the Olympic the present week.

The blizzard last week did considerable damage to bill boards. It is estimated that almost \$3,000 worth of boards were blown down and completely ruined, while from \$5,000 to \$7,000 may cover the money lost in contracts and otherwise.

Charles Coffey is now playing the role of Emanuel Shadrack in Pete at Harrigan's Park Theatre, in place of Billy West, who has been ill, but is improving daily, and will, it is thought, be out again within a few weeks.

Katti, or the Family Help, a new farce-comedy by C. S. Fawcett, in which Willie Edouin and Alice Atherton have scored a hit in England, will be seen in America for the first time this Spring, when it will be presented by the Bunch of Keys company, headed by George Lauri. Frank W. Sanger owns the rights of the piece for this country.

The following people will support J. B. Studley during his engagement at the Windsor Theatre next week: Harry Colton, Leslie Miller, R. P. Crolius, G. D. McIntyre, Willie Baker, Fred Richter, Abbie Pierce, Tommy Marsh and Minnie Kinselle. Mr. Studley's regular season closes with this engagement. His Spring and Summer season commences at Wilmington.





# "PETE" BAKER

IN  
NEW ORLEANS.  
A Greater Favorite than Ever.  
REQUESTED TO REMAIN ANOTHER WEEK.  
Everybody delighted "mit dot ole cheese-nut."

## Chris and Lena.

### PERUSE THE EXTRACTS:

AVENUE THEATRE.—Chris and Lena, with the inimitable Pete F. Baker in the leading role, was the attraction at this theatre last night. The house was a good one for Monday night, and if the appreciation of an audience be a mark of merit, then this attraction must be deemed a fine one. Chris and Lena is already well known to theatre-goers here, who have enjoyed Mr. Baker's artistic impersonation of Chris in former seasons. It is one of the very best plays of its kind, full of music, wit and wholesome fun, with just enough of a plot to give an excuse for bringing the characters together. Mr. Baker's German accent is exceedingly droll, and his singing makes him a popular favorite from the moment he appears. The Lena of Miss Lottie Miller is a very pleasing performance. This little lady has a good and powerful voice, is a graceful dancer, and puts into her role all the vivacity and *naïveté* it requires. Her imitation of the German accent is as natural as possible. Mr. William E. Hines, as Tim Faherty, was excellent. Mr. Hines has been on the boards for many years, and is a good comedian. The excellent dancing of Mr. Harry W. Rich was one of the attractions of the evening, and brought down the house. The rest of the company were good. One of the hits of the evening was a burlesque of the Sullivan and Mitchell prize-fight, which was made exceedingly funny by Messrs. Baker and Hines. As a matter of fact, Mr. T. J. Faros, Baker's old partner in this piece, is not greatly misused. The play goes quite as well without him.—*The Daily Picayune*.

AVENUE THEATRE.—A large house was present last night to witness the performance of Chris and Lena by Mr. Pete F. Baker and an excellent company. Chris and Lena is a musical comedy in four acts, and has been played by Mr. Baker over 2,000 times. There is something of a plot running through the piece, in which is sandwiched a number of songs, rendered by Mr. Baker and Miss Lottie Miller. Mr. Baker is excellent in his dialect character, and made a hit by his strong acting and character songs. Miss Miller is a charming soubrette, and is possessed of a sweet voice. She rendered a number of new songs, and was the recipient of considerable applause. The company as a whole is a good one, and will no doubt draw large houses the rest of the week.—*Times-Democrat*.

### NEXT SEASON, GRAND REVIVAL OF THE EMIGRANTS.

TIME RAPIDLY FILLING. Managers wishing dates, address (up to April 1),

C. A. BURT, Hustler in Advance. T. R. PERRY, Manager, AVENUE THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS.

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PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE.

Theatrical Season of 1888-9.

### Open Time for First-Class Attractions!

WANTED.—For these most popular family theatres, a few first-class dramatic comedy and musical attractions for open weeks in the season of 1888-9. Arrangements will be made for both or either of the houses. None but the very best combinations are wanted.

### Wanted for Forepaugh's Casino.

#### SUMMER OPERA SEASON OF 1888.

The Summer season of light opera in Forepaugh's beautiful Casino, Philadelphia, will begin about June 1, and the managers are now ready to engage first-class performers in all lines of comic opera. None but singers and players of known ability are wanted.

Address

### FOREPAUGH & CONNELLY,

Forepaugh's Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Ladies and gentlemen of the Profession are hereby notified that the Trustees of the Actors' Fund have authorized the re-establishment of the DRAMATIC BUREAU and appointed a committee of supervision. I have been appointed to take charge, and will re-establish the Dramatic Bureau

MONDAY, APRIL 2.

Come and see me, and address letters or telegrams as before, to

J. J. SPIES,

But to the new address,

145 FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 21ST ST., ACTORS' FUND.

### CHICAGO THIEVES

Have short-handed a copy of

## THE STILL ALARM

Certain pirates will produce it under the title of

### A SILENT ALARM.

I will prosecute any manager who plays this stolen version of The Still Alarm with money and time. I will further state that I have BOUGHT OUTRIGHT from Captain Kidd, of Cleveland, O., the SOLE RIGHT TO STAGE USE of any hanging harness.

JOSEPH ARTHUR.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 3, 1888.

Received from Joseph Arthur \$—, payment in full for all demands for stage use of patent right of Hanging Harness for the United States.

ISAAC KIDD, Patentee.

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MORE HUMOROUS AND MORE REFINED.

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Are hereby cautioned, under penalty of the law, against producing, or allowing to be produced, in their theatres, THE LITTLE TYCOON other than by my own company.

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And His Earliest and Greatest Financial Success, entitled

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As played for three seasons by the celebrated English actress, CARLOTTA LECHE, at Wallack's and the Union Square Theatres, New York; Boston Theatre, Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia; Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, and in fact the best theatres everywhere in the largest cities only. Bartley Campbell received only \$1,000 for the play, while its owner made a fortune and retired from the stage. The play was then purchased from her brother by C. R. Gardiner, who has since owned the property. SEASON OF 1888-89 the play will be put on the road with special scenery and stage decorations, a Powerful Company and every detail pertaining to a perfect representation of THIS GREAT AMERICAN PLAY. Negotiations are pending with Russell Bassett, Charles Bradshaw, Frank Evans, Eda Clayton, Marie Leslie and other well known people.

C. R. GARDINER, Noroton, Conn.

READY SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

# The Mirror Annual

AND  
DIRECTORY

OF THE

## American Theatrical Profession

FOR 1888.

EDITED BY HARRISON GREY FISKE.

209 PAGES. Printed on fine super-calendered paper, specially manufactured for this edition. Handsomely bound in heavy cloth, with title in gilt. Illustrated. Price \$1, at the office of publication, 145 Fifth Avenue; or mailed to any address in the United States or Canada for \$1, and 16 cents additional to cover postage.

THE MIRROR ANNUAL for 1888 is the first endeavor to provide the contemporary stage, from year to year, with a complete, compendious and reliable record. Its scope is outlined by the following summary of the

### CONTENTS:

**Chronological Dramatic Record.** The dramatic events of every day in the year 1887 are set forth, the plan embracing not only this country, but England, France and Germany. The original casts of all new productions and, wherever the plays are sufficiently important, synopses of plots are given.

**Necrology for 1887.** In this department of the book appear accurate biographical sketches of the 154 actors, actresses, dramatists, singers, etc., that died between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, 1887.

**The Inter-State Commerce Law.** The text of this important Act is printed in full, together with some account of its effect upon theatrical business.

**Stars, Combinations and Stock Companies, Season 1887-88.** A complete list of all recognized traveling and resident organizations in the United States.

**Directory of the Theatrical Profession of America.** The first directory of the kind ever published, comprising the names and permanent addresses of 4,937 professionals, with lines of business, names of organizations with which they are connected this season, and also those that are disengaged. The majority of these names and addresses have been obtained by direct personal application and are consequently correct and reliable. In the male classification are grouped Managers, Business Managers, Advance Agents, Press Agents, Treasurers, Managers' Secretaries, Musical Directors, Stage Managers, Scenic Artists, Property Men, Machinists, Carpenters, Flymen, Baggage Agents, Wardrobe-keepers, Light Operators, Stars, Leading Men, Heavy Leads, Leading Heavies, Heavies, Character Actors, Leading Old Men, Old Men, Character Old Men, Eccentric Old Men, Leading Juveniles, Juveniles, Singing Juveniles, Leading Comedians, Comedians, Singing Comedians, Light Comedians, Low Comedians, Eccentric Comedians, Character Comedians, Walking Gentlemen, Singing Walking Gentlemen, Child Actors, Burlesque Actors, Responsible, Utility Men, Ballet Masters, Dancers, Character Dancers, Vocalists, Chorus, Minstrels, Variety, Principal Tenors, Tenors, Principal Baritones, Baritones, Altos, Buffos, Principal Basses, Basses, Madrigal Boys, First Violinists, Violinists, Viola Players, Flautists, Clarionetists, Trombonists, Double Bass Players, Cellists, Cornetists, Drummers, Pianists, Specialty Performers, Pantomimists, Clowns, Readers, Elocutionists, Theatrical Tradespeople, Dramatic Authors, Dramatic Critics, Musical Critics, and Unclassified Professionals. The female list comprises Stars, Leading Ladies, Heavy Leads, Leading Heavies, Heavies, Characters, Leading Old Women, Old Women, Character Old Women, Eccentric Old Women, Singing Old Women, Leading Juveniles, Juveniles, Singing Juveniles, Leading Comedienne, Comedienne, Eccentric Comedienne, Light Comedienne, Singing Comedienne, Ingenues, Leading Soubrettes, Singing Soubrettes, Soubrettes, Burlesque Actresses, Boys, Singing Chambermaids, Walking Ladies, Responsible Utility, Utility, Children's Parts, Child Actresses, Ballet Mistresses, Premieres Danseuses, Character Danseuses, Danseuses, Leading Vocalists, Vocalists, Chorus, Variety, Prima Donna Sopranos, Sopranos, Mezzo-Sopranos, Prima Donna Contraltos, Contraltos, Altos, Readers, Elocutionists, Specialty Performers and Unclassified Actresses.

**General Index.** The index to the work, which fills fourteen pages, has been carefully compiled by an expert indexer. It is especially arranged with a view to making reference to any particular subject simple.

**Illustrations.** The Annual contains six full-page illustrations, consisting of portraits (in tints) of the late John T. Raymond, Jenny Lind, Marie Aimée, Alice Oates and William E. Sheridan, and a picture of the Actors' Memorial Monument, unveiled last June at the Cemetery of the Evergreens.

**\*\* This Important Publication** will be invaluable to Managers, Actors, Dramatic Critics, Playwrights, Agents, Collectors of Dramatic Works, Etc. As a reference-book, a chronicle, and a means of inter-communication among professionals in the transaction of theatrical business, it occupies a unique place in dramatic literature. The Directory alone is worth more than the cost of the whole book, giving as it does the permanent address of nearly every person actively connected with the stage. Among other things it is designed to facilitate and expedite the making of engagements, obviating the necessity for patronizing the dramatic agencies, from whose unfair and extortionate practices many actors have hitherto suffered.

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### NOTICE.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

The Managers and Profession in General are hereby notified that Mr. Handmann's version of the above story is fully protected by the United States copyright law, and anyone infringing upon the situation, language, construction, effects and original ideas, will be vigorously prosecuted.

MORRIS GOODHART,

Solicitor for Mr. Handmann, 45-47 William Street, New York.

### NOTICE!

The new Comedy, MY HUSBAND, is the exclusive property of MISS FLORENCE HAMILTON.

And all persons are hereby cautioned against certain parties who are endeavoring to injure me by circulating the report that the above play is a copy of Planché's "Follies of a Night," produced by Agnes Herndon under the title of "Masquerade." This play can be purchased for fifteen cents. MY HUSBAND is an original domestic play and my exclusive property.

Chicago, March 13, 1888.—My Dear Miss Hamilton: In answer to your enquiry permit me to say that your comedy is original and in no way similar to the adaptation of Planché's work made by me for J. A. Jessem (Agnes Herndon). I have sent the necessary papers to my attorneys, Howe and Hummel, with instructions to prosecute should my interests be involved by the reports circulated from pure maliciousness. SCOTT MARBLE.

Miss Hamilton: Your comedy is original as far as I know, and is in no way similar to "Follies of a Night," or "Masquerade," in fact it is much superior. COL. D. A. REYES.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

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